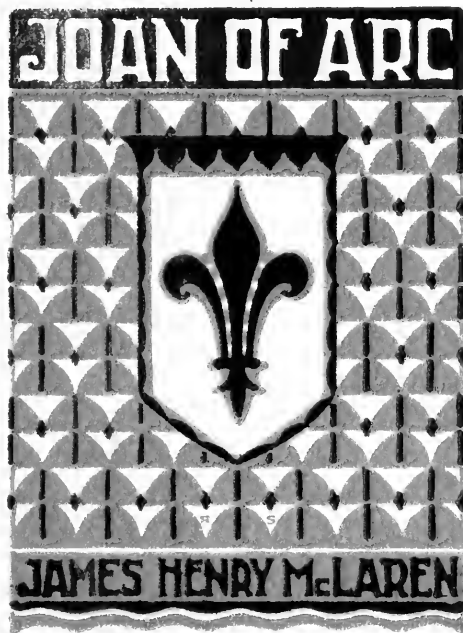


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# JOAN OF ARC







# JOAN OF ARC

SHEPHERDESS : OF : LORRAINE

THE : CALLED : OF : GOD

HEAD : OF : THE : ARMY

SAVIOR : OF : FRANCE

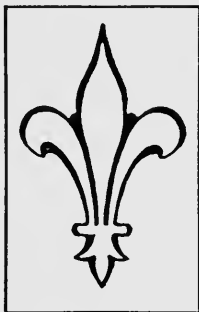
VICTIM : OF : CONSPIRACY

MARTYR : AND : SAINT

(THE AUTHOR)

# JOAN OF ARC

A DRAMATIC RECITAL BY  
JAMES HENRY McLAREN



PUBLISHED IN SAN FRANCISCO BY  
PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY

• • • M C M X V I I • • •

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SAN FRANCISCO

*To My Wife,  
Glennie Lane McLaren,  
whose wise counsel and good cheer  
have been a constant service of  
inspiration and encouragement  
this book is dedicated*

2061631



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

*While it may seem impossible to credit all the triumphs attributed to Joan of Arc, yet upon the basis of authentic history, one must conclude that she was one of the most wonderful beings of modern times and the greatest young woman the world has known; one of those inspired of God and raised up for the purpose achieved.*

*To charge her cruel treatment to the Catholic church—the only church existent in those dark, tragic times—would be unfair. For men like Winchester of England and Cauchon of France were not fair representatives of the church of even those distant, brutal days. And it must be remembered that the same church afterwards reversed the sentence of the “holy” court and denounced the men who pronounced it. Indeed, the Catholic world has exceeded the Protestant in its denunciation of the trial and martyrdom of the holy Maid and the church has sainted her to its honor and praise.*





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# LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE RECITAL

JOAN OF ARC

REMI BATICE AND HIS WIFE, MARIE

GERARD, A FAMILY FRIEND

LA HIRE, COUNSELLOR OF CHARLES

D'ALENCON, COUSIN OF CHARLES

LOUIS DE CONTES, JOAN'S FRIEND

JACQUES D'ARC

CHARLES, DAUPHIN, CROWNED BY JOAN, KING OF FRANCE

DUNOIS, CAPTAIN IN THE FRENCH ARMY

DE METZ, COUNSELLOR OF CHARLES

PIERRE CAUCHON, BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS

SIR KNIGHT RAOUL, OFFICER IN THE FRENCH ARMY

LA TREMOILLE, COUNSELLOR OF CHARLES

QUEEN YOLANDE, CHARLES' AUNT

LIEUTENANT OF THE ARMY OF FRANCE

THE " DWARF," DESERTER, SAVED BY JOAN

GENERAL IN THE ENGLISH ARMY

WARICK AND STAFFORD, LORDS OF ENGLAND

WINCHESTER, ENGLISH CARDINAL

MARGEURIE, ONE OF JOAN'S JUDGES

FATHER LADVENUE, CONFESSOR OF JOAN

CATHERINE, FRIEND OF THE KING

MESSENGERS, HERALDS, SOLDIERS, ET CETERA



# JOAN OF ARC



# JOAN OF ARC

## PART I

### I

*There seemed to be no hope for bleeding France—  
The hosts of Britain were entrenched within  
Her gates, her strongholds in their iron grasp;  
Her dauphin, Charles, erroneously called "King,"  
A hunted fugitive, concealed away;  
The ancient crown of Dagobert soon to  
Adorn a foreign brow, and dying France  
To live, if live at all, the vassalage  
Of that proud, wicked King and hated power.  
Shall such indeed become the fate of France?  
Shall her brave sons surrender to the foe  
And live without a nation or a name?  
O wretched people in thy sorry plight!  
No army, standing, leadership, or means.  
The powerful enemy at Orleans' gates.  
O scattered, trembling sheep midst ravening wolves!  
Alas! what hope for thee, so shamefully  
Betrayed and sold by coward leaders in  
Exchange for Britain's honors and her gold?  
From human standpoint, not a hope for France;  
From any other, she would look for none.  
Far off in lone Domremy of Lorraine,  
A gentle maid was watching o'er her flock.  
In deep distress of soul for stricken France,  
The maid betook her to the Druid Tree.  
Her life was pure and sweet and lovely, like  
To the fragrant clover 'neath her feet;  
Gentle and blameless, as the lambs she led.  
Array'd in simple garb of shepherdess,*

*A holy purpose in her deep blue eyes  
Bedim'd with tears of grief, yet shining with  
The light of hope. Ah! who e'er dreamed  
Of such a soul conceal'd in maiden form?  
Such holy yearning, with its pent up power?*

JOAN:

I wonder why my God, *she said*, has put  
Such spirit in his helpless shepherd maid,  
This woe divine that wounds my aching breast;  
This desperate passion, that so frets my life?  
O if my strength were equal to this will!  
If it could match the holy passion, which  
My spirit feels, I'd ride on wing'd steed  
And with my flaming sword, strike to the death,  
Those wicked, ruthless British foes of France!  
Ah! yes I hear—it is the bleating of  
My sheep, my tender lambs calling their Jeanne.  
I so neglect them to come here and pray  
And wake my father's wrath in their neglect.  
Forgive thy child, O! Father God, who thus  
Forsakes her flock and comes to linger here,  
Commune with spirits and to council thee,  
To vainly wonder why her God he does  
Not do her will. Forgive, O Lord, if wrong.  
Ah little lamb! Torn with thorns and bleeding—  
I will bind up thy wounds. O, dost thou know  
My love for thee, dear lamb, looking with thy  
Pain-moistened eyes so sweetly into mine?  
Dear lamb, so grateful for the kindness done—  
A kiss, my sweet-breathed child; take of my milk.  
Now comes thy fleecy dame; she calls for thee.  
Methinks there's tears of love in her kind voice.  
Perhaps thou, little lamb, art bleeding France,  
And the Great Shepherd, who sees all her wounds  
And feels her pain, will come, bind up those wounds,  
And soothe her pain and she will then become  
The sweeter and the better for them all.



## II

- REMI: The day is dark, Marie, for bleeding France.  
I fear her sun goes down in cloud and gloom.  
The soil our fathers in their freedom till'd  
Is being trampled by a foreign foe—  
We're now a vassalage of Britain if  
We're not her slaves, galling beneath her yoke.  
The ancient crown of Dagobert adorns  
A foreign brow, while he, its lawful heir,  
Must roam in secret through his own domain  
Or crouch like to a hunted weasel in  
His royal den.
- MARIE: I know, dear Remi, that the day is dark.  
But then, the darkest hour oft hails the dawn.  
We must be brave; we must have faith in God,  
As our good fathers did.
- REMI: God's but a name, what more, in wicked France?—  
A name for use in curses and in creeds.  
Except for priests, who even speaks of faith?
- MARIE: God lives and reigns, Remi, aye, e'en in France,  
And multitudes do put their trust in him.
- REMI: If God is living yet in France, he sleeps.  
Behold eternal wars! When were they naught?  
Murder of mothers and their little ones;  
Innocence outraged by beasts in garb of  
Men; villages around us are in flames.  
And soon our time must come. If I were God,  
Would I permit such things? Not I! Not I!  
O, would I were your fanci'd God one day!

I'd hurl those English devils down to hell  
And rescue France! Poor France! she needs a God,  
But such a God as true brave man would be.

MARIE: If Remi, he were God, he'd kill the English;  
If Burgundy were God, he'd slay the French,  
And if some Spaniard, he were God, he'd kill  
Them all. I'm glad my God, he's none of these.  
Trust, man! and be no shallow infidel.

REMI: Shallow indeed!  
Who are shallow, as the superstitious?  
Infidel? That's to be listed in the  
Best of company, in which you well-nigh  
Did belong yourself some months ago.

MARIE: Ah! well I know. But holy Name!  
That angel Maid, she came to me.

REMI: You mean Jeanne d'Arc?

MARIE: Jeanne d'Arc indeed; the Maid who talks with God.

REMI: Rather with witches at the Druid Tree.  
I've seen her sitting there with folded hands  
In dreamy meditation hour by hour  
In that enchant'd spot, where witches and  
The spirits of the damned have their abode.  
The man who chops that nuisance down, he'll bless  
Lorraine.

MARIE: The Ladies' Tree! Name of God!  
Who'd be that wicked man? What sweeter hours  
Did childhood ever know, than those in which  
We all join'd hands and danced and sang around  
That Tree, the song we never can forget,  
L'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont. The song, the

Memory, which cheers the passing soul in  
Some strange land unto the present day.

REMI: You're overmuch religious, poor Marie.  
Good Pierre Fonté, whose prayers once drove the  
Witches from the Tree, were not more so.

MARIE: Ah! do you say?  
A rare fault in these wicked times, Remi.

REMI: If Jeanne were mine  
She'd give more heed unto her flocks and less  
Unto that wretched Tree. I pity Jacques,  
Poor fool!

MARIE: That's your mistake, Remi Batice!  
Jacques never had so dear and good a child,  
At wheel and distaff name one more like Jeanne.  
What time she lingers at the Tree by day,  
She toils the longer to restore at night.  
What does not prosper in that maiden's hands?  
Who is more pure and good and sweet than Jeanne?  
Too religious? Ah! blessed fault indeed  
For skeptic, wicked France.

REMI: You're under those enchantments too, Marie.

MARIE: Small matter what you think or say, Remi,  
Since God has set his seal upon the Maid.  
Some day she will, aye—and ere long—

REMI: What will she do?

MARIE: She'll rescue France!

REMI: Jeanne d'Arc! How?

MARIE: Have you forgotten that blest prophecy?  
"Out of Lorraine, beside the Ladies' Tree,  
Shall come a maid, Savior of France"?

REMI: Well what of that, Marie?

MARIE: Jeanne d'Arc, she is that Maid of God!

REMI: Mother of Christ, Marie!  
Have you, too, lost your mind? Little Jeanne d'Arc  
The shepherdess! She will deliver France!  
Ha, ha, ha! Jeanne d'Arc the timid maid—  
The one who faints away at sight of blood—  
She, face Great Britain's hosts? My God, Marie!

*A knock upon the door.*  
*'Twas well it came.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MARIE: O Hauviette, my dear, come in, come in!  
And thou, Gerard! Home from the wars, sweet boy?  
Unto God's holy Mother be the praise!  
Wounded and lame, but better than we heard.  
They told us that our dear Gerard must die,  
And now our eyes behold him in our home.  
So good of Hauviette to bring Gerard!

GERARD: Yes, Aunt Marie, I have been wounded sore.  
The brutal British bullets pierc'd my breast,  
Their blades have hacked my body and let out  
My blood. But recently I have been heal'd.

MARIE: Heal'd, Gerard? Praise God for that!  
I wonder how, brave boy?

REMI: I wonder how myself, Gerard,

*The sturdy husband queried with surprise.*

GERARD: You would not believe me, so I will not tell.

REMI: I am no Sphinx. What Remi sees he believes.

GERARD: They took me to the holy wells beside  
The Druid Tree. I drank those waters day  
By day. They're healing me.

REMI: Cool native air, home food, and sparkling springs  
Are healing you. Not superstition, boy.

GERARD: I told you, Remi, that you'd not believe.

REMI: And do you believe a thing like that, Gerard?

GERARD: One must believe, when nothing else will do.

MARIE: Praise God, Gerard! *exclaimed Marie*; but how  
In your condition, did you reach the wells?

GERARD: Our angel leader, aunt—why need you ask?  
She came with Pierre and Margot, Etienne,  
Mengette and other young folk of the place.  
They carried me in turn, clear to the wells.

MARIE: Just like sweet Jeanne! she leads in all that's good.

REMI: Much better than she leads her sheep, Marie.  
What news comes from the front, Gerard?  
That would I hear. Is there no hope for France?

GERARD: Bad news, Remi! so bad I grieve to tell.

REMI: Bad? Well, we're used to that, my boy. Say on.

- GERARD: A treaty has been signed at Troyes between  
The English, French and Burgundians,  
And by it, France betrayed unto the foe.
- REMI: Betrayed? How so, Gerard?
- GERARD: It marries Henry of England, Butcher  
Of Agincourt, to Catherine of France.
- REMI: Name of God! Another scheme of Burgundy's  
And that she-devil queen, our Isabel!  
Who brought this news, Gerard?
- GERARD: Etienne Roze, who came with lightning  
Speed, waving a black flag.
- REMI: A black flag! Sign of bad news indeed.
- MARIE: Where is Etienne?
- GERARD: I think he's over at Jeanne d'Arc's.
- MARIE: At Jeanne's of course, they all go there to speak  
Their sorrow or their joy.
- REMI: To see the girls, Marie, that's why they go.
- MARIE: Well may they go to see such girls, Remi.  
Margot, she is engaged to Etienne;  
Pierre, he is engaged to sweet Mengette,  
But Jeanne looks not with favor upon men.  
She lives so constant in the spirit world.
- REMI: She cheats the spirit world and sheepfold too  
Out of much time, to spend with Louis by  
The Druid Tree.
- MARIE: Louis de Contes—he is her favorite boy—



GERARD:           Useless, Remi. I have talked with Jacques.

REMI:               Of this affair?

GERARD:           Aye, this same thing.

REMI:               When did you talk with him?

GERARD:           This very day and yester-night.

REMI:               Does Jacques d'Arc credit the fairy tales?

GERARD:           I know not as to fairy tales, nor yet  
How far as to the truth. I only know  
He believes in part and waits God's will.

REMI:               Then he is not the wise old Jacques he was—  
It's but a fortnight since I talked with him.  
In grief he spoke of Jeanne's mysterious flights;  
How late at night and early dawn the child  
Creeps forth as one by some strange thing possess'd,  
To hold communion with the mountain air  
Or sit in dreamy musings 'neath that Tree  
Where evil spirits have their dark abode,  
And witches with the fairies congregate.  
My God! if Jeanne, she too becomes a witch!  
O! Marie! Gerard! Hauviette! What means  
This awful thing? I'll go to Jacques! His child,  
She shall be saved!

MARIE:           Ah! Remi, she who like her Lord,  
Came to save others, cannot save herself.



### III

#### *Poor France!*

*She's groaning 'neath Great Britain's iron heels;  
She trembles 'neath the mightiest hosts like some  
Frail floor, beaten with many flails; and yet  
Their dauphin, whom some call "King," finds pleasure in  
His stricken people's pain.*

LA HIRE: Go quickly, O, good D'Alencon to Charles,  
He seldom fails to lend an ear to thee.  
Implore him as becomes a king and man,  
That he come bravely forth and fight for France  
Or France is doomed.

D'ALENCON: 'Tis useless, La Hire,  
Charles will not leave the castle of Chinon.

LA HIRE: Not leave his castle in a time like this?  
Curs'd be the king who thus seeks pleasure in  
His country's peril, gloats o'er wine cups,  
Riddles and stale jokes, with coarsest men and  
Tinted females of his vulgar taste.

D'ALENCON: Speak not so harshly of your King, La Hire—  
My Cousin Charles has cause for losing heart.  
With lawful right to reign, in doubt through his  
Disloyal mother's black and vile career,  
With treasury empty as a fairy's dream,  
And mortgaged to the box that holds his snuff,  
How can he rally the discouraged hosts  
And wrest the crown of France from Britain's grasp?

LA HIRE:

Who'd be a king, must be a man!  
Let Charles come forth, or, by the bones of God!  
'Twill mean his death.

\* \* \* \* \*

LOUIS:

O! Jeanne!  
I thought the matter over yester-night—  
We've been deluded and mistaken, dear.  
The cause of France is desperate, her hope vain—  
It has been so since Agincourt.

JOAN:

The hope of France—it's vain? Why tell me that?

LOUIS:

Because she's mostly now in Britain's grasp;  
Our King is bankrupt and conceal'd away;  
He has no soldiers and he cannot fight.  
And though he may abide with favorite fools  
In that, his meager realm a little time,  
He will escape when closely pursued, and  
France shall fall!

JOAN:

But France will rise again.

LOUIS:

France rise! with Britain's army on her back?

JOAN:

She'll cast it off! She'll trample it in the dust!

LOUIS:

Cast it off! Trample it in the dust!  
And she without an army, means or power.  
The mighty foe e'en now at Orleans' walls.

JOAN:

God's Maid, she comes!  
Comes clothed with power divine;  
Comes with flaming sword bath'd in heaven;  
Comes to destroy the ruthless foes of France.

Ere yonder moon rounds out its beauteous orb  
Or yet the golden corn hangs ripe and low,  
No English feet shall tread this sacred soil,  
Nor English warhorse quench his thirst in the  
Clear waters of our dear Loire.

LOUIS: Impossible, brave Jeanne!  
Unless the very God, he takes a hand.

JOAN: He'll take a hand!  
He'll come in his own Maiden cloth'd in power;  
The fire of his hot anger will descend—  
Its flaming tongue shall lick with burning zeal  
And rend with ruthless ire the foes of France.  
He'll use this weak thing to confound the strong.  
Before her shining sword by angels given,  
Her snow-white banner with the fleur-de-lis,  
Proud Burgundy, betrayer of our land,  
Shall fall! And that high-handed, God-defying  
Scourge—that Talbot, traitor, fiend Salsbury,  
Lional, and their low accomplices,  
Shall flee in fright, as timid hares before  
The hunter's horn. The God of battles—he  
Will go forth and by a gentle Maid  
He'll rescue France and crown her dauphin, King.

*Then Jeanne, she went apart and kneeling said:*

Send thou, O Lord, deliverance to France.  
Poor France! sore, crush'd beneath a foreign yoke.  
O Lord, thou hast been with us in the past,  
And, but for thee we must have perished.  
Come now to us, as thou didst come unto  
Thy people in the days of old, bringing  
Deliverance, when they were few and weak.  
Bless thou our gentle dauphin; crown him King.  
Make France a nation great to serve her God

And bless mankind forever. Amen.  
*Then fell a shadow like a fleecy cloud—  
From it a form in radiant beauty came.  
The Maid's calm face, and rude apparel too,  
Were glorious in that transforming light.  
Before that vision pure, majestic in  
The solemn gloom, the Maid sank down to earth  
In fear and woe.*

ARCH. MICH.: I am Archangel Michael, *spake the voice,*  
O, Maid of God, fear not. Go bravely forth.  
Deliver France and crown thy King at Rheims!

*Slowly she rose, yet kneeling, softly spake:*

JOAN: O, holy angel, I am but a child  
And knowest not the dreadful art of war.  
How can I leave my parents and my sheep?

ARCH. MICH.: I will be with thee; thou hast not to fear,  
*The angel, he replied.*

\* \* \* \* \*

JOAN: Farewell, thou dear Domremy of Lorraine—  
Farewell ye mountains, vales and crystal streams;  
Ye trees and shrubs and beauteous blooming flowers,  
Which I have planted, nurtured and so loved.  
Sweet scenes in which my childhood days were spent—  
My sheep, my lambs, I leave to other care—  
My quiet fields for those of war and blood—  
My shepherd's horn for bugle's call to fight—  
Shears for sword, sheepfold for camp, my humble  
Flock, to lead the army of poor France 'gainst  
Britain's hosts. Dear God, my witness, this is  
Not thy Maid's own choice. That no ambition  
For the battlefield or strife ere fired her breast

But now she yields her will to thine; she hears  
Thy voice alone. Speak to my dauphin's  
Soul, O Lord, that he may see the light, and  
Know the Maid has come from God.

\* \* \* \* \*

LOUIS: Good father Jacques, do not oppose thy child,  
Do not lay any hindrance in her way;  
She is the Maid of God!

JACQUES: How do you know that, Louis de Contes?  
My child may be the victim of a witch;  
Perchance some evil spirit of the air.  
Send her to me.

- - - - -

Jeanne, I demand to know  
What evil thing has so possessed thy mind;  
Why, with such actions, wilt thou grieve us so?

JOAN: 'Tis not my choice, good father.  
God calls! His child, she must obey.

JACQUES: Obey in what and how, my Jeanne?

JOAN: To fight for France; to crown my dauphin King.

JACQUES: You fight for France!  
A maid and child!

JOAN: The voices, father,  
They have told me to.

JACQUES: How did they tell you, Jeanne, to fight for France?

JOAN:                               To raise an army of brave men—  
To fight and conquer Britain and to crown  
My dauphin King at Rheims.

JACQUES:                           Holy Mother of God's Son!  
My child, she's lost her mind.  
This once for all I warn you, Jeanne, you stay  
From that damned Druid Tree.

JOAN:                               Nay, father. For 'tis  
My disobedience to the voices, which  
Has lost so many battles to poor France.

JACQUES:                       Those voices, they deceive you, Jeanne.  
The voice that bids a peasant child, a young  
And tender maid, who, than a shepherd's horn  
Has heard no harsher sound, who never grasp'd  
A sword's hilt or e'en from distant height  
Looked on the hell of war, to clothe herself  
In male attire and join an army of  
Coarse, vulgar men, that voice is not from God!

JOAN:                           Is this so shameful, that he bids me do?  
Is this a crime so dark—that I obey  
His voice? Is this—

JACQUES:                           'Tis not God's voice!  
The voice that seeks to lead you on, is naught  
Itself, but fraud and sorcery.

JOAN:                           Each one must be his judge of what's divine—  
I'll be my judge.

JACQUES:                       You'll now give ear to voices that deceive.  
Hereafter sit and spin in mournful grief  
Beside the fire; become a mock, a sport  
For wicked scoffers to your poor life's end.  
Ere you join that army, I'll drown my child!

JOAN:

This once, good father, suffer me to tell  
Thee how it came to pass and then I must  
Away. The voices, they are calling me—  
Aye, calling clearly for their Jeanne.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas evening and our little town was still—  
Nature and man and beast had found repose.  
Its narrow streets grew broad and luminous—  
Pale poplars, like trees of Paradise.  
The winding stream—its banks all billowy  
With beauteous flowers—a river of pure gold,  
Its molten beauty in the serpent light  
Gleaming and flowing 'mid trees and vines unknown.  
Wee, thatched homes had risen to mansions bright—  
Domremy was a city beautiful!  
From battlements I heard clear bugles blow  
And saw the mighty hosts array'd for war,  
The neighing steeds, the chariots of God,  
Bright helmets flashing in the moon's clear light.  
I saw Archangel Michael cloth'd in power—  
I heard his voice which spake to me and said:  
"Jeanne d'Arc, go forth! For I, who called the Christ  
From Nazareth, to save the world from sin,  
Now calleth thee to save thy France from death."  
My earnest pleadings were of no avail.  
There stood my gallant men awaiting me,  
Their limbs of oak, arms like bands of steel.  
There pranced my snow-white horse, my shining sword  
Flash'd like a cross of jewels in the light—  
Saw my brave hosts advance with martial tread,  
I leading them, with banner pure and white  
Like angel wings, and lovely fleur-de-lis  
Sacred, triumphant, as it bore inscribed  
The holy names, Jehsus Maria!

#### IV

CHARLES:           How fares the faithful, O good D'Alencon?  
What tidings from the front?

D'ALENCON:           If God, he has not pity on our land—  
If he saves not the King, both must be lost.  
Strong, savage hosts appear on every hand.  
Artillery and implements of war  
From many lands, with many tongues they come,  
Burgundy, Liege, Namur and Luxemburg.  
From thrifty Holland and from prosperous Ghent,  
Zealand, and regions of the icy North  
They flock as eagles round their hapless prey.  
While traitors some, to country and to King,  
Shall France supinely yield with ne'er a fight,  
Her life, her honor and her glorious name?  
Arise, O cousin Charles! proclaim thy will!  
Prove to thy people that thou art their King.

CHARLES:            "My people"—sayest thou, good D'Alencon?  
Assure me that sweet boon. Remove the taint  
Of doubt, from royal sire to son; wipe out  
This wretched stain of foul disgrace and I  
Will fight for France. Aye, fight for France,  
Though now it seemeth useless in a cause  
That's lost.

D'ALENCON:           Why lost, Your Majesty?

CHARLES:           Why lost? In vain I call for troops and men.  
The people flee from me as stricken sheep  
From a pursuing wolf.



*Then angry Dunois spake and said:*

DUNOIS:           God pity France, with such a King as thou!  
A recreant monarch who forsakes himself;  
A coward when his country is in peril.

CHARLES:                 Restrain thy slanderous tongue, Dunois,  
Or by the ancient crown of Dagobert  
I'll teach *you* that I am the King.

DUNOIS:           Thou art the dauphin, who might be the King,  
And need I warn thee of thy kingdom's plight?  
Need I rehearse the tales of death and woe?  
The red, insweeping tide of Britain's wrath—  
Nor dost thou bravely rise with sword in hand  
To rid thy realm of those fierce robber-foes,  
But linger in soft dalliance, begirt  
With knaves, with jugglers, with tinted dames  
And troubadors, while siege is raging e'en  
At Orleans' gates.

CHARLES:                 What boldness this!  
'Tis treason on thy tongue! I'll answer thee  
With steel!

D'ALENCON:       Nay, hear his warning, O my cousin Charles.  
Faithful the wounds inflicted by a friend.  
Take heed I pray and act accordingly.

CHARLES:                 I'm helpless, D'Alencon,  
Aye, helpless as a suckling babe. They will  
Not rally, while such doubt endures. God lift  
The veil! Reveal the naked truth! Am I  
The King, O Lord, am I the King?

D'ALENCON:               Take heart, Your Majesty,  
A messenger with happy tidings comes.

CHARLES: From Orleans and the battle's front?

D'ALENCON: Nay, from Domremy in Lorraine.

CHARLES: Domremy in Lorraine!  
Ye gods! what message from a place like that  
Can be of interest to the King?

D'ALENCON: Your Majesty, it's from the Maid of God  
Conveyed to thee by good De Metz himself.

CHARLES: Who in the devil is this Maid of God?  
A hoax, a fiction, a humbug or myth?  
I have a missive now from such an one—  
A maid that's called of God. She claims to save  
Her country and her King. She'll point me out,  
So she avers, in whatsoe'er disguise  
Or place I care to choose for such a test.  
I heed not such vagaries of the crazed.

DE METZ: Your Majesty will hear at least  
What these, his trusted counsellors will say.

CHARLES: What then of this strange Maid, De Metz?  
Speak briefly, as the thing demands.

DE METZ: Thou'st heard, O King, the prophecy of old:  
"Out of Lorraine beside the Ladies' Tree  
Shall come the Maid of God, Saviour of France!"

CHARLES: I've heard the tale, De Metz—  
What's it to me?

DE METZ: This one, she is the Maid of God!

CHARLES: How know you that?

DE METZ: Archangel Michael hath appeared to her;

Appeared and spoken at the Druid Tree.

CHARLES: The Druid Tree! I've heard of it—that place  
Where fairies dance and witches congregate?

DE METZ: Hear first the things she has achiev'd, O King,  
Then judge her as thou wilt.  
Her wisdom and her daring deeds have won  
Her case before the court  
And Governor of Vaucouleurs.

CHARLES: You mean not Sir Robert de Baudricourt?

DE METZ: Aye, Your Majesty, and 'tis that grim old  
Warrior who commends the Maid to thee.

CHARLES: He does?

DE METZ: Yes, and without reserve.

CHARLES: Where is this Maid of God—so called?

DE METZ: From Chinon, but six leagues.

CHARLES: Six leagues from Chinon?  
How reached she there in face of powerful foes?

DE METZ: She's come through dangers great and perilous;  
She has won signal victories all the way.  
In various towns the people have equip'd  
The Maid with horses, men and arms.

CHARLES: What say you of her, D'Alencon?

D'ALENCON: She is the Maid of God!

CHARLES: And thou, De Metz?

DE METZ: 'Tis even so, Your Majesty.

CHARLES: You really believe this thing?

DE METZ: With all my soul.

CHARLES: If 'tis not so,  
Some strange enchantment sure hath cast its spell  
O'er all the royal court.

D'ALENCON: A messenger brings news of great import.

CHARLES: Communicate the message to the King.

D'ALENCON: Your Majesty, La Hire returns  
With tidings from the field.

CHARLES: In God's name, bid him now approach.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Forth came that great fierce General,  
Clad in the heavy armor of his time.  
Could such a mighty warrior as he  
Feel slightest interest in a peasant maid?*

CHARLES: What tidings, friend?  
Is hope in vain?

LA HIRE: Never, my King, was there such cause for hope.

CHARLES: You jest, La Hire.

LA HIRE: Heaven forbid!

CHARLES: Speak then, explain.  
What can it mean? Break, break the strain.

LA HIRE:                                   Thou, O King, hast won a victory!

CHARLES:           A victory! Me? What music is thy speech. O would  
Thy words were true!

LA HIRE:                           Prepare thyself, O King, for greater news.  
Lo! the Archbishop who has come with  
Dunois, straight from Rheims, he will explain.

BISHOP:           It's verified, Your Majesty, and more.  
Our cause is to rejoice and not to weep  
Since heaven itself has come to our relief.

CHARLES:           Explain, good Bishop, lest the King explode.

BISHOP:                           Our Sir Knight Raoul  
With the King's consent will speak and tell.

\*    \*    \*    \*    \*    \*    \*    \*    \*

RAOUL:           'Twas in the valley of the Yonne,  
O King, we met the enemy so fierce  
And strong, all in stout armor clad, and armed  
With swords and spears, swarming like beetles from  
Summer's air, fierce like to ravening wolves.  
Resistance—it were madness—flight in vain.  
Our stoutest hearts gave way, e'en our mighty  
General Baudricourt, Knight of Vaucouleurs  
Would have surrendered then and there, but for  
A miracle. Out from the forest's depths,  
On dashing steed of war, a Maid came forth—  
A Maid clad in strange armor for the fray.  
Most beautiful she was in face and form;  
A light divine shone on her noble brow.  
Most godlike she, and radiant in grace,  
Her youthful face, her flashing eyes shone with  
A light as from another sun. Her power

Was like to magic—irresistible.  
In clear commanding voice she spake and said:  
“Soldiers and Frenchmen brave, surrender not  
Unto the haughty foe. Your God, he fights  
For you and France. His servant leads—the Maid  
Whom he has called. Aye, even though the hosts  
Of Britain were as countless as the leaves,  
They’ll flee as Pharaoh’s minions fled before  
His servant and his wonder-working rod.”  
Then suddenly, as if by power unseen,  
Our soldiers turned upon the countless foe,  
Who stood transfixed, gazing, with awe o’erpower’d,  
As if by some strange miracle, and fled.  
Those who resisted, fell in hundreds, slain.  
While France lost not a man.

CHARLES:                               ’Tis wonderful! A miracle, if true.  
If true, I say, the victory was God’s.

RAOUL:                               His servant’s too, Your Majesty.  
The army, which as great La Hire has said:  
“Would shudder at the coming of the foe,  
Will now march fearless to the gates of hell.”

CHARLES:                               When will this Maid approach Chinon?

RAOUL:                               She comes tonight—  
Behold the multitudes awaiting her.

CHARLES:                               Is she the cause for all this loud acclaim?

RAOUL:                               Your Majesty,  
The people all but worship her.

CHARLES:                               Good friends, show cause why this great one be not  
Received by your King.

LA TREMOILLE:                               Beware, O Charles!  
Women are cunning, and as dangerous too,

*Warns wily Seigneur de la Trèmoille.*

LA TREMOILLE:                               These charlatans are shrewd.  
Some secret, dark conspirator—Satan  
Perchance—not God, may be this female's guide.

CHARLES:                                       Satan, do you say?

LA TREMOILLE: Yes, Satan. Why not? Satan, inspirer  
Of witches and deceiver from of old.  
A humorous vagary inspired of him.  
That this poor, lowly shepherd lass should leave  
Her sheep to ride on battle steed and sweep  
Away this world-power like a tempest, with  
Her helpless troops! Her maiden vanity  
Will melt like snow! She lead an army! She  
To teach our seasoned captains in the art  
Of war! The shadow of its ruthless curse  
Would shrivel up her tender life, as 'twere  
A shrimp upon a gridiron!

DE METZ:                               True, Seigneur, were she that sort of maid,  
But is she not the called of God—the one  
Foretold? If not, explain the triumphs she's  
Achieved. Nor is this Maid the first among  
The lowly so raised up. The weak things have  
Been chosen to confound the strong. And he  
Who call'd of old that mighty Shepherd King  
From fold to throne, may so have summon'd her.

LA TREMOILLE:                               By heaven, De Metz!  
You're in that miracle religious line;  
Moses himself might yield his rod to thee!

DE METZ: Ah! de la Trèmoille  
You're free, I do admit, from such a charge.

LA TREMOILLE: Supposing, Charles,  
You send your bishops to this Maid—let them  
Question and bring her answers unto thee.

CHARLES: Your counsel seemeth good, Seigneur—  
Let it be done.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reverend bishops, what of this Maid?

BISHOP: She hath a message, Your Majesty; but  
Will impart it only to the King.

CHARLES: And does the Maid refuse the bishops?

BISHOP: Positively!

CHARLES: The like was never heard in France!  
Good bishops, what think you of her?

BISHOP: She hath a will, Your Majesty.

CHARLES: That's plain.  
And what do you advise?

BISHOP: We advise the King to receive and hear her.

LA TREMOILLE: Again I warn you, Charles, beware!

CHARLES: You've heard my bishops  
And my counsellors, de la Trèmoille. Shall  
I condemn their judgment—spurn their advice?  
My royal Aunt, good Queen Yolande,  
You've been with her. What say you of this Maid?



**YOLANDE:** Aye, Charles, I have spent hours with her.  
She's spirit-filled and spirit-led—so kind,  
So unassuming and so sweet—a voice  
From heaven. The one foretold. Receive her, Charles—  
She brings a message straight from God to thee.

**CHARLES:** Good friends,  
It is my duty to receive the Maid.  
If she is not such as she claims to be,  
Or you, my trusted friends, do claim for her,  
Then—one hour squandered in a novel way,  
With one hoax less to trouble us.  
Dunois will take my place upon the throne;  
I in disguise will mingle with the guests.  
Accept her challenge so to find the King.

## V

*It's evening and  
The royal court in light and splendor gleams—  
Gleams with its mellow radiance, as 'twere  
Another sun's. Midst gorgeous robes, great names  
Of fame and rank, sweet music and such scenes  
And charms, as royal courts alone display,  
The Maid of God in lowly beauty comes  
Led by great Count Vendome and brilliant train.  
Flambeaux and flashing jewels, the silver  
Trumpets blown by the heralds of the King,  
The pomp and dazzling beauty there display'd,  
All failed to discommode that one sent by  
The King of Heaven. Silence reigned supreme.  
All eyes were fixed upon her, as if they'd  
Seen a vision from the sky. They knew the  
Secret. Would she bow to Dunois, robed as king  
And seated on the throne? What moments these!  
She paused, but did not bow. She spoke and said:*

MAID: Bastard of Orleans! thou art not the King!  
A seat upon the throne becomes not thee.  
God's Maid is sent unto a mightier one.

*Then turning, she, like some bright spirit, pass'd  
By the ones in brilliant robes array'd  
Until she reached a humbler one, clad in  
More lowly garb. There falling at his feet  
She said:*

MAID: Gentle dauphin, I am Jeanne d'Arc,  
The Maid come from Lorraine. I bring to you

A message from the King of Heaven. God  
Hath pity for you and his people too.  
The angels are praying for you and for them.

CHARLES: Maid, how knowest thou me? Thou who hast not  
Seen my face or heard my voice.

MAID: I saw thee, gentle dauphin, in the night  
When all around was peaceful, calm and still.  
Thou did'st arise to plead with God in prayer—  
That prayer I will reveal to thee, likewise  
The answer thou dost long to know. But not  
In this great presence will I speak.

CHARLES: Speak, gentle Maid. Alas my secret is  
Not such to these.

MAID: In thy first prayer thou offerd'st up thyself  
In sacrifice for unatoned guilt  
Of other years, which caused this dreadful war.  
Thou, in the second prayer, didst choose  
A humble life with peace, rather than crown  
And throne, with strife. And in the third—

CHARLES: Nay, wondrous Maid. For  
'Tis enough! Thy knowledge is of God, whence  
Thou art come! And since thou art endowed with  
Wisdom more than man's, tell me, divinely  
Guided one, shall I indeed prevail?

MAID: Aye, dauphin, with God and his servant's help;  
Not otherwise.

CHARLES: What askest thou, O Maid, of me, the King?

MAID: An army, dauphin—  
An army of brave men.

CHARLES:                   What knoweth thou, a shepherdess, of war?  
Shears are not swords. Leading an army is  
Not leading sheep.

MAID:                   Give me an army and I'll give you Orleans;  
And, what is more, I'll crown you King at Rheims!

CHARLES:               O Maid of God, thou knowest not  
The power and fierceness of the foe. How great  
A name is Britain. How small compared is  
France. And I, its more than question'd King  
Bow'd down in such a low humility.  
See how they tell me, "Thou art not the King!"

MAID:                   Thou art the dauphin, who shall be King!  
Thou shalt be crown'd at Rheims!

CHARLES:               At Rheims, you say?  
While Britain's in control of land and sea  
And all the world as well.

MAID:                   I care not for Great Britain's power!  
Nor all the world besides. I'll lead you through  
The hosts of Britain, Burgundy and hell!

CHARLES:               Maid of God!  
Whose soul speaks in thy voice. The King grants thy  
Request. Tell me the secret of thy power.

MAID:                   My secret, gentle dauphin, is of God.  
'Twas in my childhood in Domremy of  
Lorraine, I heard men tell, around the fire,  
Of our dear France o'errun by foreign foes;  
Our brilliant Paris to become their prize;  
The crown of Charlemagne—that glorious crown—  
To rest upon a brow not born of us;  
Our people chafing 'neath a foreign yoke.

Then I, a child, in great distress of soul  
Betook me to the Druid Tree. Beneath  
That Tree of sacred name, I earnestly  
Implor'd our God, his holy Mother and  
His Son, that they deliver France and thee.  
'Twas in the twilight's deepening gloom, when peace  
And beauty were upon the quiet world,  
The Holy Mother, she appeared and spake  
To me, e'en as Archangel Michael, he  
Had done, aye, many times, and said: "Jeanne, fear  
Thee not, I am the Virgin Mother  
Of the Holy Christ. I've chosen thee. Go  
Forth in God his strength, and crown thy dauphin  
King! Deliver France!"  
"O Holy Mother, I am but a child,"  
I pled—"ignorant, poor and weak. How can  
So small a one do this, so great a thing?"  
"Remain a virgin pure," she said, "like to  
Myself, and God shall bring to pass his will  
Through thee."  
Her lowly garb transform'd, the Queen  
Of Heaven pass'd in radiant beauty from  
My sight. I seem'd a spirit freed from flesh,  
Walking on air. In great humility  
Of soul, yet conscious of some strange new power,  
I went forth to obey.

CHARLES:

O Maid of God!

I now appoint thee to command my hosts.  
Take thou this sword of fame, long prov'd in wars  
And lead thy hosts to victory!

MAID:

Nay, gentle dauphin,  
God's servant must decline thy honor'd blade.  
The voices have reveal'd my sword to me.  
'Tis in St. Catherine's churchyard vault, conceal'd  
Within an ancient tomb mid many spoils

And ruins of great wars. This blade is marked  
By three plain golden links engraven thereon.  
I pray thee, gentle dauphin, that this sword  
Be brought. Also a banner of pure white.  
Upon this banner let the artist paint  
A likeness of the Holy Mother's face  
The Christ Child's too—the fleur-de-lis—the  
Sacred names, Jehsus Maria.

CHARLES:

Maid of God,  
Every command of thine shall be obey'd.  
Captains, behold your General-in-Chief of  
The Army of France!

MAID:

Holy Bishop, lay thy hands  
In consecration on my head—commend  
Me unto him through whom alone his poor  
Young servant can prevail.

## VI

MAID'S LETTER:            King of England, Duke of Bedford,  
                                  You lord lieutenants; all of you, falsely  
                                  Call'd Regents of the Kingdom of France.  
                                  I warn you now in God his name, yield up  
                                  The keys of all good towns of France, which ye  
                                  Have taken. Ye arch conspirators in  
                                  Arms, before the walls of Orleans—get ye  
                                  Unto your country, by God his command,  
                                  Or we will come upon you with such an  
                                  Ha! ha! as shall be remembered, aye this  
                                  Thousand years.

Jeanne la Pucelle.  
 Jehsus Maria.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

SOLDIER:                            A herald from the King of England.

MAID:                                Let him enter and let him speak.

-   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -

HERALD:                            Where is this witch of France,  
                                  Who calls herself the "Maid of God"?

MAID:                                Herald of England, I am the Maid of God!

HERALD:                            O thou unvirgin'd, common, vulgar wench  
                                  In garb of man, I bring thee—

D'ALENCON:                        Silence! thou coward herald of England's  
                                  Usurping Prince! Not in the presence of

A knight of France, shalt thou insult  
God's Maid.

MAID: Nay, worthy D'Alencon,  
Permit their well-bred servant to give vent  
To England's spirit and her King's, which will  
Ere long achieve their own defeat. Courteous  
Herald, what august personage is he  
Who speaks with such a tongue as thine?

HERALD: Impudent enchantress and deluder  
Of thy breed, I speak for His Grace, the Earl  
Of Salisbury, Britain's noblest chief.

MAID: Then you speak  
Not for the living, but for the dead.

HERALD: Dead! you say?  
That were good news for France. 'Tis well the false  
Inspirer of delusions like to thine  
Hath not the power to make them so. Our chief  
Will show the wretch'd France he's much alive  
Ere long, with Orleans in his grasp.

MAID: At Orleans yesterday, your chief, he fell.

HERALD: Ye gods! what vague delusions haunt  
Those witch-enchanted minds. For e'en if such  
A thing were true, how could the news have come  
To thee from Orleans in a day?

MAID: Herald of England,  
'Tis given the Maid of God to see, discern  
And know the things he hath conceal'd from thee,  
Thy King, his lords and his accomplices.  
Therefore if thou encounter not thy dead  
Chief's funeral train on thy return, be these



And God my witnesses, that I resign  
Command and will return unto my home,  
My staff and sheep, and here be seen no more.

HERALD: God pity England, should her words prove true!

*And they did.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID: Now, Frenchmen brave,  
In God his name, on to the fight, and on  
To victory! Prove to the mothers who have  
Given you birth—those dear old souls who've borne  
The burdens of their dreadful day—that their  
Brave sons, who bleed and die for France, they do  
Not bleed and die in vain. Who fights for God,  
He wins, who fights for France, he fights for God!  
Behold your banner white as angel's robe,  
With fleur-de-lis, image of the Virgin  
Mother, the Holy Child. This banner wins!  
Vive la France! Victoire! La France—sauvee!

## VII

MAID: Lieutenant, why this disobedience of my command?

LIEUTENANT: General, the project seem'd impossible  
To those acquainted with the art of war.

MAID: Who leads this army and who makes these plans?  
Is this the work of man or God?

LIEUTENANT: General, behold Dunois,  
He comes from Orleans and he will explain.

MAID: Then let Dunois in God his name, explain  
Why the army is on this side the river,  
Which I commanded to advance on that?

DUNOIS: The English have erected barriers great  
And strong. No force can conquer till it starves  
Them out.

MAID: That means months of waiting, and God's cause, it  
Must not wait.

DUNOIS: General, we acted as we believe you would  
Have done, had you been there.

MAID: Come, Dunois, tell me now  
Of what more use the army can be here  
Than if 'twere at the bottom of the sea?  
You would deceive me, who've deceiv'd yourselves,  
Unless God interpose none other can.  
Hence in his name I now command you march

The army back, unto Burgundy's gate,  
Then on to Talbot and the English as  
At first I gave command.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who is the man on yonder van  
Bound hand and foot?

LIEUTENANT: A mighty soldier, General, a giant  
Call'd the "Dwarf." Tomorrow he'll be hanged.

MAID: Hanged? For what?

LIEUTENANT: Desertion, General,  
He sought leave to go see his dying wife;  
It was not granted, yet he went.

MAID: But he returned again.

LIEUTENANT: True,  
But not until the men were on the march.

MAID: He a deserter!  
Name of God! Bring him to me—  
His wrists, they're bleeding. I will bandage them.

LIEUTENANT: Nay, General, nay!  
Such work must not be done by thee.

MAID: De par le Dieu: Don't I know how?  
If I had bandaged them, they'd not have bled.  
If given freedom, will you fight for France?

"DWARF:" I'll fight for you, General, you'll be my France.

LIEUTENANT: Nay, General, it must not be!

MAID:

Why not?

LIEUTENANT: This man is sentenced to be hanged.

MAID: What if he is? Is not my word supreme?  
This man, he's free! Loose ye his cords!

\* \* \* \* \*

*'Tis brilliant night.*

*The clouds have scattered and the silvery moon  
Pours down her queenly beauty on the towers,  
And palaces and domes of ancient Orleans.  
O glorious scene! A surging sea of life!  
Torch lights, as 'twere a firmament of stars.*

MULTITUDE: She comes! she comes! The Maid of God!  
Behold her face! 'Tis beautiful. See how  
It shines, as with celestial light—

*and so*

*The people kneeling kiss'd her garment's hem  
And hailed her as the one from heaven sent.  
With bugles, bands, sweet chiming bells, loud guns,  
The Maid of God was given royal  
Welcome into old Orleans.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID:

French blood is flowing and  
The call to action comes. Up gallant men!  
On to the fight! Follow your flag! Behold  
The fleur-de-lis!

- - - - -

D'ALENCON: Our General's first experience in the fight.  
See to it, Dunois, she stays in the rear.

*Their care is vain—  
For when the French o'erpowered are falling back  
She rides in scorn of danger, to the front.  
Loud, brave and clear, above the noise of war  
Comes her command:*

MAID: Forward brave men! Follow  
Your leader and her banner white! Follow  
To battle and to victory!

*At sight of her, they rushed upon the foe—  
Rushed forward with the force of ocean waves,  
Sweeping the astounded, terror-stricken  
Englishmen away. That giant "Dwarf!"  
God! how he fought. 'Twas wonderful, the way  
In which he wielded his great battle-ax.  
At every stroke an English helmet and  
Its owner fell. Until the enemy  
In wild confusion, quit the field.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID: Another fight, you ask and now?  
Why men we've but begun.

DUNOIS: At this time, General,  
It were madness to advance. More wisdom  
In delay. I'll call our forces back.

MAID: You'll obey my orders, Dunois,  
And play no longer into English hands.  
Waste no more time! Bid bugles sound assault!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Another victory for the French was won.  
Another and yet more, until the last  
Great battle came. Jeanne had foretold this fight,  
Its outcome and the wound she would receive.*

- CATHERINE:                    You say you will be wounded  
On the morrow, Jeanne?
- MAID:                        Yes, Catherine, on the morrow;  
I've so informed my parents and my friends.
- CATHERINE:                How do you know this thing, my dear?
- MAID:                        As I know other things.  
My voices, they have told me so.
- CATHERINE:                Then you must keep out of the fight.
- MAID:                        No, no, my dear, I must go in,  
Since on my leadership the fight depends.
- CATHERINE:                But if you're wounded you may die, dear Jeanne.
- MAID:                        To die for France is gloriously to live.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

*The fight was bloody, fierce and long. For hours  
The tide of battle ebbed and flowed. English  
Fought like devils and the French the same. What  
Battle strength! What warrior's skill on either  
Side was shown! What clashing of the blades!  
What thrusts and flashing of that glittering steel!  
What wild, loud shouts of fighting, and what groans  
Of dying men! And o'er it all one voice—  
Their General's voice in clear, commanding tones,  
Inspiring her brave men, until a sword-  
Thrust brought their gallant leader to the ground.  
A shout of wildest exultation from  
The enemy arose.*

- BRITISH  
GENERAL:                    Seize, quickly seize  
And bind her with strong cords. In binding her

You're binding France! Daughter of Satan and  
Enchantress of thy breed, thy life is mine!

*It would have been, but for the giant "Dwarf"  
Who sprang with strength immortal to her side,  
Mowing the British like a field of grain.  
God! what moments these! If she were captured,  
France was lost, her people slaves. The mighty  
Giant bore her safely from the fray.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MESSENGER: The French are being overpowered;  
They're beating a retreat.

- - - - -

MAID: Retreat! The French! In God his name, no! No!

*Exclaims the wounded Maid, leaping upon  
Her horse, the crimson stream still gushing from  
Her wound. She seemed inspired beyond restraint,  
As madly she dashed to the battle's front,  
Calling aloud:*

MAID: Brave soldiers, follow me,  
The fight is God's and his the victory!

*The French rose in their might; fought like demons  
Till the British fled and France was saved.*

MULTITUDE: Maid of Orleans! Maid of God! Savior of  
France! Saint of Lorraine, Sister of our Lord!

*In chorus from the multitude arose.  
'Twas like unto music of the sea.  
Then Jeanne, with her brave army march'd*

*Triumphant into Tours. There she was met  
And welcomed royally by Charles.*

\* \* \* \* \*

CHARLES: All hail! All hail!  
Thou God-anointed heroine, *said Charles.*  
The songs of angels are within thy heart!  
Thine is the victory! the victory!  
Kind heaven speaks the word. O thou, my well-  
Beloved child, hear thou my praise! My life  
Would at this moment give itself for thee!  
Since royal honors are indeed thy due,  
Here in the presence of this august court  
I bid thee name thy just reward.

MAID: Gentle dauphin,  
I have but one request to make of thee,  
'Tis this; march with me unto Rheims and there  
Receive thy crown.

CHARLES: To Rheims, brave Jeanne! To Rheims! Impossible!  
It is a way beset with countless foes.

MAID: I, with my army will advance before.  
I'll clear the way of all thy foes, as God  
His lightning and his thunder clear the air.

CHARLES: Time General, time to think—  
Then I will answer you.

MAID: The time, O gentle dauphin, is so short,  
And there's so much to do, and I—I have  
But one brief year to live.

CHARLES: One year to live!  
Why speak you so, dear Jeanne?



MAID: Because my voices, they have told me this.

CHARLES: My child, you have got fifty years,  
Aye, fifty long and happy years to live.  
Upon thy shoulder I now place my sword  
And by this accolade do join thee and  
Thy family and their kin—descendants born  
In wedlock, to the royal house of France,  
And give unto the females of thy line  
The power their husbands to ennoble when  
Of less degree—an honor not bestow'd  
On anyone till now. Arise, Jeanne d'Arc.  
Henceforth surnamed Du Lis!

## VIII

*The city was a scene of wild delight,  
Of splendor opulent and unapproach'd.  
Proud Rheims had witness'd many a glorious day,  
But none like this. The vast cathedral in  
Its splendor shone; sweet, mellow chimes pour'd from  
Its ponderous towers and moving down its broad, rich aisles  
That august throng—victorious generals, captains  
And ecclesiastics in their gorgeous  
Bright array; the great Archbishop leading  
In robes of power. Sentinels riding on their  
Shining livery, bearing aloft the  
Feudal banners bright and proud and high.  
Never a scene in Rheims so glorious.  
The signal for the royal march was given;  
The silence broken by sweet music from  
Four hundred shining silver trumpeters—  
Then at the towering archway of the west,  
Came Charles and Jeanne advancing side by side  
With peers and bishops in their royal train.  
Kneeling at the altar, all glorious in  
Full splendor of its light and in presence  
Of that august multitude, the dauphin  
Was anointed with the holy oil, the  
Ancient crown of Dagobert placed on his  
Royal brow, and Charles was King of France! The  
Maid's fond dream fulfilled—she sought not royal  
Honors or reward; only release.*

MAID:

Gentle King, on bended knee, *she pleads*: My  
Work, with God his help is done. You have been  
Crown'd King at Rheims. O, give me now your  
Peace; and in that peace permit thy servant

To return unto my humble home; my  
Mother old and poor, who needs me much.

*The King assist'd Jeanne unto her feet,  
Confirm'd the royal honors heretofore  
Bestowed and said:*

KING: Great Maid of God, demand  
What now thou wilt and unto thee it shall  
Be given, aye, though its granting make my  
Kingdom poor.

MAID: O gentle King,  
My one and only wish is this, that thou  
Release my struggling, poor Domremy from  
The heavy burdens of tax.

KING: 'Tis done, great Maid—  
Domremy is hereby released from tax  
Forever and a day. What more dost thou  
Require? Speak and say on.

MAID: That's all, my gentle King; save to return.

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID: Not yet brave soldiers, can we lay down arms.  
My King may not release his servant now.  
Our glorious Paris is in Britain's grasp—  
We'll march and take it too, in God his name!

*Before that final march Compiegne, Beauvais  
And many strongholds of the British fell.  
Paris awaiting to surrender at the  
Maid's command is not allowed. For lo, 'tis  
Treason! now—deep, dark and damnable! The  
Wretched coward whom she crowned and saved has  
Played into the British hands. Yet bravely*

*Did she fight, divinely win, until her  
Time had come. Then overpowered and  
Captured in the fierce battle of Marguy,  
Jeanne d'Arc was led a prisoner to the camp  
Of Burgundy.  
The first strange chapter in her life was closed!  
The second to begin, aye and to end  
In tragedy more deep and dark and sad  
Than only that of Christ and Calvary's.*

## PART II

### I

MAID:                   Besieged! ah! poor Compiègne!  
Women and children massacred! And I  
Did give my promise to de Flavy, that I  
Would come and help him in the fight. But here  
I am, a prisoner, in this stronghold  
Of dark Beauvais. Mother of Christ! Thy help!

*Escaped, recaptured, yet in spirit she  
Fought, and in that mighty spirit led till  
Victory had come to Compiègne and to  
France. The British thus enraged to frenzy,  
Believed her magic spell inspired the French,  
That power must be destroyed,  
Or Britain's cause was lost. To kill the  
Body were an easy thing, but such  
A soul as hers released would make the French  
Invincible.*

MAID:                   You may kill me, *brave Jeanne*  
*Told them, but you never will get France.*  
*Then angry Stafford drew his murderous blade,*  
*But Warick siezed his arm and held him back.*

WARICK:           Thou fool! *he yelled,* kill not the Maid now in  
Her purity. Her unstain'd spirit would  
Unto those superstitious French become  
A power divine and irresistible.

STAFFORD:        Then, Warick, tell me, in the devil's name  
                      What shall we do?

WARICK:           Know you not, Stafford, that she hath been sold?  
                      Sold by Luxemburg to Burgundy, aye  
                      For the ransom of a queen. Now let the  
                      Nation's enemy be made to serve the  
                      Nation she hath well-nigh destroyed.

STAFFORD:        That were a boon, but how, my Warick, how?

WARICK:           Hand her right over to the holy church,  
                      Demanding she be tried for heresy.  
                      There she'll be branded and, perchance, be burn'd  
                      For being a sorceress, idolatress  
                      And witch.

STAFFORD:                    A devilish bonny scheme, my friend,  
                      If't can be worked.

WARICK:                    The way is plain, at least to me.  
                      Pierre Cauchon is aching to become  
                      The Archbishop of Rouen. Winchester  
                      In like manner, thirsts for Jeanne d'Arc's life.

STAFFORD:        God's bones! my Warick, but that were a trade  
                      If—if only it could be—

WARICK:           Leave that to Cauchon and to Winchester—  
                      To La Trémouille and Loyseleur. Save in  
                      His Majesty from hell, they're not surpass'd.

STAFFORD:        Ah, Warick! but all France is with the Maid;  
                      She holds the people by her magic spell.  
                      Would Charles keep silent, whom she crown'd and saved?

WARICK:

Therein, O Stafford, lies your big mistake—  
French warriors are jealous of great Jeanne;  
She has eclipsed their glory like the earth  
The sun's. And know you not, Charles, even now  
Is fast in England's clutch? Think you a man  
Like Charles will risk his crown, his traitorous soul,  
To save e'en she, who made him King? Not he!

## II

*The holy court is now convened—  
The Sanhedrin of France. It is composed  
Of many wise and saintly and great men.  
Unto its mandates all must bow; from its  
Decisions there's but one appeal. The  
Maid of God, a prisoner in chains, stands  
Now before a court of enemies—  
The triple-chinned, black-hearted Bishop of  
Beauvais, her fiercest foe, presiding Judge.  
No one permitted to appear or speak  
A single word in her defense. Yet in  
Her purity and strength, with wisdom more  
Than man's endowed, she put the cowards of  
The "holy" church to shame, and sent them down  
To infamy forever and a day.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID: My holy Judge, and  
Consecrated servants of our Lord:  
You've found his servant guilty of the crime,  
Which merits death.  
Since no one's been allowed here to appear  
Or speak in her behalf, in God his name,  
May not his Maid speak for herself?

CAUCHON: I see no purpose that your speech may serve.

MAID: And dare you deny my right to speak  
Who have denied an advocate? How dare  
You now condemn to death the one whom you  
Already did prejudge and so condemn?



MULTITUDE: Let her speak.

MAID: You find me guilty of the crime of death!  
I thank my God that your decision does  
Not make true my guilt. You ask me now  
To tell you more about the voices you  
Call "false." In God his name, what may I say  
That I've not said before the holy court?  
I was a gentle little maid in lone  
Domremy of Lorraine—taught young to pray,  
To say my creed, to love my holy church  
And priest, and to confess my sins. I knew  
No world beyond the quiet hills and vales  
O'er which I led my sheep, tended my lambs.  
I was a happy and contented child,  
Until a spirit strange disturbed my peace.  
'Twas when I heard men tell how our dear France  
Was being assail'd by foreign foes; and how  
My dauphin, he would be obliged to flee;  
The ancient crown of Charlemagne adorn  
A foreign brow; our harvests and our homes  
Laid waste; our sacred soil turned red with blood—  
The blood of our dear slain; our glorious France  
The vassalage of foreign power—could I  
Find ease or rest in my dear country's peril?  
Upon the hillsides of my lowly care  
I pray'd, I pleaded and I importuned,  
Aye, agonized with God, that he would send  
Deliverance to France. While thus I did  
Beseechingly implore and plead, a thing  
Took place more wonderful than words can tell.  
The hills and trees became most strangely clothed  
With light and life, and I was lifted up  
And borne along, as if on wings.  
'Twas then Archangel Michael, he appeared  
And spake to me. At first I was afraid,  
But the angel, he was O, so kind and

Sweet. I loved to meet and talk with him, which  
I did day by day. "I am Archangel  
Michael, sent from God," he said, "to tell thee  
That thou art his Maid—the one appointed  
To deliver France." My pleas of youth and  
Ignorance, that none would believe or follow  
Me could not avail. "Your God will guide," the  
Angel said, "his Maid, she must obey."  
The holy Virgin Mother likewise came  
To me; she sweetly warned me to obey.  
You know what happened—what has come to pass.  
The French, they triumphed, though but few and weak.  
With God his help we've overcome the strong;  
France, if she has not been betray'd, is saved;  
Charles, he is crowned King; Rheims proudly stands!  
Orleans is free! Compiegne secure; where now  
The boasting British with their wealth and power?  
Has not our God wrought wonders through his Maid?  
You will condemn and burn me at the stake,  
But in that very flame I'll pray for you,  
And God's good angel will be there to shield  
My soul. And though you kill me, you will not  
Get France. I'll be her guardian angel in  
The years to come.

\* \* \* \* \*

WINCHESTER: Congratulations, Bishop of Beauvais!

*Exclaimed the Cardinal—great Winchester—*

WINCHESTER: The trial surely was a grand success.  
You've branded Jeanne a wicked sorceress,  
A witch and an idolatress, in league  
With Satan and the spirits of the damn'd,  
And you've done well. For this, I'm told, you seek  
The great archbishopric. Seek you that honor  
At the hand of Charles?

BISHOP: Why not, Your Eminence, since Charles, he is  
The lawful King of France?

WINCHESTER: But tell me, Cauchon, what worth or honor  
In an archbishopric conferred upon  
You by a king crowned by a witch? That  
Honor to be genuine, must come from  
England's King.

BISHOP: Your Eminence,  
Jeanne stands up boldly for her King and France.  
The people, they do largely stand with her,  
Claiming that she has fought with God and won  
Against Great Britain, which fought with its hosts  
And lost. Charles is to France her lawful King.  
What he bestows is genuine to her.

WINCHESTER: But not to England or her clergy or  
Her King. Therefore what honor in a thing,  
Which England honors not? And when the French  
Become convinced that she who crowned their King  
Is but a sorceress and witch, what then?  
A sorry plight for you and Charles.

BISHOP: In such a case,  
What would Your Eminence advise?

WINCHESTER: You've gone so far, you now must go the length.  
Cut clear from Charles. He's only King in name.  
Hurl thou that female bone of all this damn'd  
Contention to the dogs. Give England that  
Which she desires and she will grant the boon  
That Cauchon seeks.

BISHOP: Would England grant it for her life?

WINCHESTER: Give me her ashes and I pledge you, sir,  
The great archbishopric of Rouen shall  
Be yours.

BISHOP:                               Aye, Cardinal, but there's the rub—  
In dealing with this Jeanne, we deal with France.

WINCHESTER: But France will not defend a sorceress  
And a witch!

BISHOP:                               True, Your Eminence, and yet  
E'en our decision does not make it so.  
His Holiness, the Pope alone, is to  
Our folks infallible. If only we  
Could make the Maid confess unto the things  
Whereof she hath in holy council been  
Condemned, we then could burn her at the stake.

WINCHESTER:                       You have the means for that, Cauchon,  
As God and devil know. Torture and flame,  
Fear of eternal fire. What instruments  
Hath not the Holy Church with which to force  
Offenders of her iron will?

BISHOP:                               But Jeanne is fearless, believing she is right.  
She'll die, but not confess.

WINCHESTER:                       'Tis your mistake—  
She's weary of her prison cage and chains;  
She loathes the company of vulgar men;  
She longs to be restored again unto  
The Holy Church. Assure her these rewards  
In sight of torture, fire and hell. She'll yield.

BISHOP:                               But that is not to rid ourselves of Jeanne.

WINCHESTER: And see you not a farther scheme, Cauchon?

BISHOP:                               How can a man see through a wall of stone?

WINCHESTER: Easily so, when someone makes a hole.

BISHOP: I see the wall, but not the hole.

WINCHESTER: Your skull is thicker, Pierre, than your neck.  
Come listen here: Prepare a statement mild  
Enough for her to sign, through fear of fire  
And pain and hell. Likewise a greater and  
More fatal one. And when she is about  
To sign—

BISHOP: I see, Your Eminence, I see  
Clear through the wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

BISHOP: You see the rack, O, Jeanne,  
They say its pain is hell. Now just confess—  
With your own lips declare the findings of  
The court are true. Submit your soul unto  
The Holy Church and be forgiven.

MAID: Nay, Pierre Cauchon!  
Not e'en this rack, these chains, this torture or  
This prison hell, can make God's Maid confess  
To what is wrong. And if by pain I should  
Be forced to say aught else, I'd always say  
Thereafter, that it was the pain, not I  
That spoke.

WINCHESTER: She will confess and she'll recant in sight  
Of fire, pain, death and endless doom.

\* \* \* \* \*

*It is the Holy Church of St. Ouen.*

CITIZEN: What mean the open gates; the glaring lights;  
The many toilers rushing to and fro;  
Those countless torches turning night to day?

OFFICER: O, ill-informed and ignorant,  
That knoweth not what is on every tongue.

CITIZEN: You mean the burning of Jeanne d'Arc?

OFFICER: What else?

CITIZEN: We hear no less denials of the same;  
We'd learn the truth.

OFFICER: The truth is this:  
Upon the morrow ere yon bell strikes out  
High noon, Jeanne d'Arc, the witch of France, shall here  
Be burned alive!

### III

*The martyr's day has dawned!  
The royal guests and holy men, highest  
Of rank in church and state, are there. What  
More for their sweet comfort could have been? Rich  
Purple canopies to shield from rain and  
Sun, soft carpeting, cushioned seats of ease.  
Here on a special platform, higher raised,  
Recline the Bishop of Beauvais,  
His Royal Eminence, the great English  
Cardinal, with their renowned colleagues.  
Above the platform in its horror stands  
The grizzly, frowning stake of pain and death;  
Beneath it glows the ruddy, burning coals,  
Fagots of wood, the executioners  
In purple robes arrayed, while reaching far  
Beyond, a level sea of human heads.*

*The martyr's hour has come!  
Look yonder! "Lo! she comes!" they cry. 'Tis she!  
The Maid of God, with English escort from  
Her iron cage. Clank, clank the chains upon  
Her wrists and feet. Though worn and weak, she's forced  
To walk, dragging her chains. That heart of stone—  
The brutal Loyseleur—is by her side,  
His foul mouth whispering in the Maid's pure ear.*

PRIEST:

Confess, O Jeanne!  
Abjure, recant, and so you shall obtain  
Forgiveness of your sins, protection in  
The Holy Church, deliverance from hell.

MAID:

Confess, you say,

Confess to what—a lie, to something which  
I know would not be true? No, no! Not I!

PRIEST: Confess, poor child, and be you saved,

*Came voices from the pleading priests.*

PRIEST: Think well  
What this will mean to you. No longer in  
An iron cage; no longer dragging on  
Your weary feet and wrists those galling chains;  
No more in company with vulgar men,  
But in a woman's prison with her care.  
And then your soul, dear child, your soul within  
The shelter of the holy church.

MAID: Name of God! What do you mean?  
Aren't they about to burn me here and now?

PRIEST: Not if you do as we require.  
Confess, recant, and you shall not be burn'd.

WINCHESTER: She's weakening now, Your Eminence,  
Weakening in body and in mind. The rack  
Is God's own instrument, by which to force  
Offenders to his will.

BISHOP: The fire, the fire,  
Stir up the fire,  
*Commands Cauchon, speaking  
Unto the executioners beneath.  
His coarse and brutal voice rose with the flame—  
Reading the sentence of her cruel death.  
Exhausted, weak and hardly conscious now,  
She dropped upon her knees and said in low  
And feeble tones:*



MAID:

I do submit.

*The studied action was both swift and sure.  
The lying document was then withdrawn,  
The long and fatal one slipped in its stead.  
The Vampire of the English King then gave  
Sure guidance to the hand that was not taught  
To write. Thus was she forced to falsely swear  
Herself to be a sorceress, witch, and an  
Idolatress, in league with Satan, and  
The spirits of the damn'd.*

BISHOP:

I now declare  
Her excommunication is hereby  
Dissolved,

*The Bishop said, and Jeanne's face shone  
As with a holy light. From her worn soul  
A burden fell. 'Twas what she longed to hear.  
How sad what followed, speech can never tell.*

BISHOP:

But that she do repent  
Of her dark crimes, commit those crimes no more.  
I sentence her unto perpetual  
Imprisonment, the bread of anguish there  
To eat and water of affliction drink.

MAID:

Take me unto the woman's prison, sir,  
As solemnly you did agree to do.

BISHOP:

Take her  
Unto the prison whence she came,

*The fiend replied. The die was cast, the deed  
Was done and innocence once more betrayed  
Into the hands of sinful men.  
Postponed! The burning of the Maid!*

*The feast of rarest joy not to be served?  
Curses and railings fill the air. Cauchon's in  
Danger of the mob. Few know as yet the  
Subtle secret of the studied scheme.*

BISHOP: Subdue your wrath, *he whispers*, and I will  
Explain. We must not burn her now—one  
Other step remains. You shall not be  
Denied your pleasure, friends. 'Twill be the  
Sweeter when it comes.

WINCHESTER: Explain your tactics, Cauchon, or by the  
Crucified, you'll be the victim of a  
Howling mob. Tell why you have postponed the  
Burning of the Maid?

BISHOP: To burn her now  
May mean destruction of our worthy cause.

WINCHESTER: Why so, Cauchon, in God or devil's name?

BISHOP: 'Tis for the lack of unanimity.  
Thousands will believe the Maid's confession forced  
And hold her innocent. They'll not accept  
Our version of her guilt. Therefore to them  
Her martyr spirit will in fancy spring  
From out its ashes to avenge her death  
And bloody revolution will then take place.  
You see, she's sworn, with other things, that she'll  
Abandon male attire on penalty  
Of death. To lapse in this will mean her death  
By legal right. Her lapse can easily be  
Achieved. Leave it to me.

- - - - -  
Your robe, my Jeanne,  
I've brought your robe myself, because  
I shrink to see this vulgar shame upon

Your sex, my child. And then you've sworn you will  
Abandon male attire on penalty  
Of death. See to it that you do not lapse.

MAID: My robe! The Bishop! You astonish me.

*What could it mean? A servant's act performed  
By great Cauchon. Was it a change of heart?*

WINCHESTER: But Bishop, what if Jeanne d'Arc does not lapse?

BISHOP: O thousand fools! What's easier than that?

*Then he arranged it with the guard and left.  
O happy Bishop! with his purple face  
Aglow. The long sought honor now within  
His grasp. His cup of joy full to the brim.*

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID: 'Tis morning,  
Aye, and still my iron cage and chains. O,  
Virgin Mother! what a night I've spent; but  
Something to console—a female robe—a  
Robe brought to me by Cauchon himself; a  
Sign perchance, he will relent and make his  
Promise good. Ah, yes, I see the robe, its  
Gone. The male attire is in its stead. I  
Might have known. 'Tis Cauchon's final triumph. He's  
Won the game! "Poor Jeanne, she's lapsed!" Alas!  
What other could she do? Jehsus Maria!

MESSENGER: Lapsed! Lapsed!  
Aye, Jeanne has lapsed!  
*Ah, blessed music in  
The Bishop's ears! He's quickly on the scene.*

BISHOP:

I see you've

Lapsed, my Jeanne,

*He said, his blotched, purple  
Face all wreathed in smiles, rejoicing in his  
Victim's grief.*

You've sworn you would abandon  
Male attire on penalty of death.

*She offered no excuse; she made no charge  
Against the guard, nor yet apportioned blame.  
She simply said:*

MAID:

You also failed to keep  
Your promise unto me. You did not send  
Me to the woman's prison, as you said  
You'd do.

MARGEURIE:

Something suspicious here—  
A wrong has been committed on the Maid,

*Declared the angry Margeurie, one of  
Her judges in the trial.*

BISHOP:

O, thousand devils! Will you shut up.

*Exclaimed the Bishop, in a fit of rage.  
Ah! Jeanne, how true thy words!  
His final trump was played; the game was won.  
Believing that her end is near, the Maid  
Dictates the last sweet message to the loved  
At home.*

- - - - -

THE MAID'S

Dear mother, father, and my loved ones, all,

LAST LETTER:

O strive with God, his help, to bear the news—

The last love message from your own poor Jeanne—

The last she'll send from out her iron cage.  
Last night, the holy vision, it came back to me.  
'Twas sweet Domremy of Lorraine and I  
Was there, a happy child again, leading  
My sheep, my tender lambs, o'er hillsides green  
With grass, fragrant and beautiful with flowers—  
Saw my sweet home, the loved ones as of yore—  
Pierre, Margot, Mengette, Gerard, my Louis and  
The others as they were, when cares were small  
And sorrows had not come. Hands join'd, we danc'd  
Around the Fairy Tree, sang our dear song,  
Arbre Fée la Bourlemont. Once more the  
Voices spake to me and said: "Dear Jeanne sweet  
Martyrdom must be the fitting crown for  
Such a life as thine."  
I saw the stake, the flame, the multitude;  
But the angel, he was in the flame to  
Shield my soul and bear my spirit home.

'Tis hard to say good-bye—  
Good-bye to my own dear Domremy, where  
My heart abides—my loved ones too; my sheep, my  
Lambs, my precious friends. O, God! 'tis hard,  
But then, 'tis sweet to go from grief and pain  
Unto my home, where you shall come ere long.  
Father, forgive these poor, benighted men,  
Forgive them, for they know not what they do.

\* \* \* \* \*

*'Tis morning and  
The holy Friar's voice is heard, speaking  
Softly unto Jeanne.*

MAID:

A message, Father?  
I know you've brought a message unto me—  
I read that message on your face.

FRIAR: Ah! my poor child,  
I wonder can you bear the news I bring?

*In low, sweet tones, she answered,*

MAID: Yes.

FRIAR: My child, I have been sent here to  
Prepare thy soul for death.

MAID: Father Ladvenue,  
Did you say for death?

FRIAR: For death, dear child, aye, and for life as well.

MAID: What kind of death, good Father, shall it be?

FRIAR: I find it not in my sore heart to tell.

MAID: Yes, holy Father, tell me, for  
'Tis better I shall know, I'll bear the pain  
Through God, his grace.

FRIAR: By fire, by fire, poor child,  
Thy soul must pass to God.

MAID: 'Tis cruel, Father!  
O! so cruel and unjust. In God his  
Name, how can they treat me so, I whom they  
Hailed as the deliverer of France? Where  
Now the shouting throngs, their voices like to  
Ocean waves! Where now the glaring lights, the  
Bugles sweet, and bands, loud praise of hosts,  
Honors and emoluments of kings?

FRIAR: 'Tis but the way of this poor world, dear Jeanne;  
This empty, weak and vacillating world.

There is no confidence to be reposed,  
Save in our Lord most High.

- - - - -

FRIAR: Ah! D'Alencon, 'tis thou.  
Speak to the child who is of heart so sad.  
Speak low, I warn, remembering that thou  
Too art a prisoner escaped, and doomed  
If heard. Speak low.

D'ALENCON: Doomed if heard!  
Then be it so. To die with her, it would  
Be heaven. To live without her, hell.  
I hear the voices yonder—  
Priests chanting for her soul.

FRIAR: Nay, D'Alencon,  
It is the clerk, who reads the charges to  
Her day by day. 'Tis but a portion of  
The torture they inflict. When he has done  
You then can have my time. I will confess  
Her at the stake.

D'ALENCON: The stake!  
O Christ and Mary, has it come to that?

MAID: Ah! D'Alencon, how sweet thy voice,  
And thy dear face in sadness, doubly so.

D'ALENCON: Aye, Jeanne, thy nearness, e'en in sorrow makes  
The bliss of heaven my own.

MAID: O, tell me now, dear D'Alencon,  
Why did I not take warning, when you said  
The voices were delusions and a snare?

D'ALENCON:

No, no, my Jeanne,  
For that I grieve, how deeply, words can't tell.  
You were so happy, so triumphant in  
Your faith, until I blurred it with the mist  
Of doubt. Let not, I pray, that skeptic speech  
Of tongue, which never was of heart, becloud  
Thy mind in this sad hour in which thy soul  
Must pass to God.

MAID:

But see, my dear,  
They come not to me again.  
Why do they leave me in this hour of trial?  
Where once the angel's voice spake unto me,  
Now all is silent and an empty void.  
Where once my spirit rose to heaven and God—  
It falls to earth beneath its broken wings.

D'ALENCON:

Thy faith, sweet one, will not forsake thee in  
The flame. 'Twill come again to thy great soul,  
Which did impart the same to mine. Therefore  
Believe, dear one, as thou hast taught  
Me to believe, as now, through thee, I do  
Believe.

*He kneeled beside her in a silent prayer—  
A prayer not spoken, but a prayer of power.*

MAID:

O, D'Alencon, the light, the light!  
The morn of hope in beauty breaks. It is  
More glorious now. 'Twas but a little cloud  
Between my spirit and the righteous sun.  
Thou hast dispell'd it and behold, a dove.

*A heavenly radiance was upon her face;  
A light celestial in her upturned eyes.*



MAID:                                Strange, D'Alencon, but no less dear,  
That God should send you to revive her faith,  
Who once did fear and pray for thine.

D'ALENCON:                        A last sweet word, my Jeanne.  
My heart is burning in its love for thee!  
Love that's immortal and can never die.  
E'en in our childhood days, I loved you then.  
Beside the Fairy Tree where, hand in hand,  
The children danced and sang; and in the fields  
You watch'd your gentle flocks and lead your lambs;  
In all those happy days when Jeanne she was  
Their leader, life and prophethess. Likewise, in later years,  
When strong men bowed at your command; when  
Cannon boomed and swords clashed and God's  
Brave Maid was never in the rear; and on  
The moonlit night I stood at guard, beheld  
Thy face in slumber, dear and sweet; when in  
Thy dreaming thou didst speak my name, and I  
Crept forth to kiss thy hand, a vision  
Rose between. A voice spake in my soul and  
Said: "Stand back, thou venturesome! This place is  
Holy ground. The angels keep their vigils  
Round God's Maid."

MAID:                                Thy words, great soul, O how they strengthen me!

D'ALENCON:                        Ah! Jeanne,  
In this strange hour so sweetly sad, 'tis love  
Of soul, and in that love, I fold thee now, O  
Noblest of womankind unto my heart  
Of hearts. Let me behold the spirit light  
In thy dear eyes, where dwells eternal peace.

MAID:                                O noble soul,  
Who hast so known and loved me, as  
None other hast. 'Tis worth the pain to know

The man thou art. The spirit union! ah! it  
Is the only and the dearest one The  
Union in earth's sorrow formed, holds heaven's  
Deepest joy. There can henceforth be neither  
Grief nor pain for me. The King might offer  
Me his crown; the world its gold, I would not  
Now accept them for this deeper joy.  
Ah! D'Alencon, great husband of my soul,  
In heaven above, where all is pure and good  
And true, I'll be your Jeanne, your own sweet bride.

D'ALENCON: My bride! My spirit's bride!  
Aye, Jeanne! That were a heaven indeed to me!  
Oh holy Maid, so terrible in war;  
So beauteous encircled in the beams  
Of peace!

\* \* \* \* \*

MAID: And so they've sent you, brother Martin, to  
Bring Jeanne. The bells! O, aye, I know well what  
They are. The executioners. They told  
Me that those bells were ringing for the mass.  
They did not know how sweet the sound to me.  
I fear no more the flame. God's angel stands  
Within, and, in its glow I see the path  
Which leads to heaven and home and rest.

#### IV

*The scene is changed.  
It is Old Market by St. Saviour's Church  
High noon on Wednesday after Trinity.  
The royal, great and holy men are there.  
Both guests and multitude more numerous,  
Because there'll be no disappointment now.  
Again the grizzly, frowning stake appears—  
All wait their victim with a brutal joy.  
Many are happy, but one supremely so—  
His blotched, purple face aglow, like to  
The coals beneath the stake. A flash of fire,  
An hour of pleasure for himself and guests,  
A meager heap of ashes and O, then  
The great archbishopric of old Rouen!  
It is the hour! the hour of tragedy  
For France, and England's immortal shame.  
The silence deepens and the multitude  
Appears transfixed, as if in living death.  
She comes! she comes! the holy Maid, and in  
Her clanking chains. No royal escort, king  
Or honors now. No wild rejoicing  
Like at old Orleans, when Charles was crowned, and  
France redeemed.*

*She comes, she comes, in  
Robes of purest white arrayed. A light divine is on  
That angel face. It's heavenly beautiful.*

MULTITUDE: Sister of Christ! Savior of France! Child of  
The Highest!

*Broke forth in chorus like the  
Sea, from thousands, falling on their knees in*

*Penitence and prayer. A feeling strange and  
Indescribable fell over all. Ten  
Thousand men shed tears, e'en Cauchon ceas'd  
To smile. Winchester wept; his tears have since  
Been dried in hell.*

*O Bishop of Beauvais, thy victim's  
Going to a shameful death—thou unto  
Renown. Ah, 'twill not be what now it seems.  
Her bed of death is fire; thine will be down—  
Immortal honor her reward; but thine,  
Eternal infamy. The church she loved,  
Will give her sainthood, which now gives her death.  
The same will brand thee, its arch-hypocrite  
Unto the end of time.*

\* \* \* \* \*

KING: Aye, Catherine, 'tis the very day  
And this the hour of poor Jeanne's martyrdom.  
And I, the coward, whom she crowned and saved  
Concealed behind these walls of stone—conceal'd  
From human gaze, but not from conscience and  
Remorse. Go, Catherine, go and leave me to  
My bitter fate.

CATHERINE: And dost thou thrust me out  
Into a heartless world? I, whom thou didst make  
The scapegoat of thy crimes?

KING: Ah! Catherine! by thy own confession, thou  
Didst lie, lie cruelly about the Maid.  
Lie, when thou saidst the vision warned me not  
To enter Rheims and in all thou didst say  
Against Jeanne d'Arc. O, God! what might I not  
Have been, had I not yielded to the tempter's voice?

CATHERINE: Thou ill-begotten wretch in garb of king!

Blaming the woman thou hast made thy tool  
And seeking to avenge her for thy crimes.

KING: The child should be immune from parent crime  
And I am pierced with taunts of blameless shame.  
'Tis why my soul has never risen to high  
Resolve. Ye'd not allow me to live down  
My shame and win through noble deeds  
In spite of it, a noble name—O, help  
Me heaven, for truly I repent!

CATHERINE: If thy confession's true, my stricken King,  
One sentence only does our crime deserve—  
The sentence of an equal guilt.

KING: Then, Catherine,  
Let us haste to seek her pardon, whom we  
Both have wronged.

CATHERINE: Too late, O Charles,  
She's burning now!

KING: For Christ's sake, Catherine, speak it not!  
Burning and abandoned by the King and  
Country, which she hath redeemed.  
I wonder why this coward soul was ere  
Enshrined in flesh, that it so basely would  
Forsake its truest friend—yield up the lamb  
Of God's own flock unto the devil's wolves?  
So stricken this poor conscience now, what will  
It be when Satan toasts it on his splint  
In hell?

\* \* \* \* \*

*Brave Jeanne ascends the scaffold without fear—  
Gentle and radiant, with her upturned*

*Face, she stands beside the grizzly, frowning  
Stake; spotless and pure like to an angel  
From the highest heaven. The chains are placed,  
A silent hush falls over all. Heaven  
Is weeping and the earth is sad.*

SOLDIER:

A dove!

A dove! I've seen a dove!

*The soldier calls,  
As tremblingly he turns away, smiting  
Upon his breast.*

MAID:

O cruel flame,  
Streaming upward to destroy, with tongue and  
Teeth of fire and pain of hell, this body,  
Worn and weak! Ah, no! for now I see the  
Light within the light. It may destroy  
My body, but 'twill give my soul release.  
These people only see the flame; they see  
Not God within. The music, ah, the sweet  
And heavenly music that I hear! It must  
Be voices from the choir invisible!  
My angel! O, my blessed angel friend!  
O, thou dost not forsake me in the flame!  
My voices! ah, I hear them speaking to  
Their Jeanne—speaking sweetly as before. O  
Yes, my voices—they were true; they came from  
God, whose child I am! I die for France, for  
God, his truth. Father forgive—forgive!  
Jehsus Maria. A-m-e-n.







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